
Title: MY JOURNAL

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I was born and raised
in the city of
Moonshade, a foe of
Vasculio. Then I was
taken to this place,
where I am a prisoner
of He Who Was Dead
-- Vasculio. Vasculio
survives beyond
death! He doth drink
blood out of the living
to keep himself alive.
Hence his great thirst
for fresh blood. His
corpse is animated by
means of spells and
the Forbidden
Reagent. I am his
prisoner, fettered
worse than a wild
beast; manacled by
mine hands and feet
by day and by night.
My blood is so vital to
him that he is afraid I
could break away.
How could I in this
cage. At times, I feel
like survival is a
meaningless word. I
am exhausted. He
hath been awakening
me at all hours of the
already too short
night, thereby robbing
me of mine all too
brief night's slumber.

This week I managed
to write more. I feel
better than last month
but still weak. All
through these
interminable weeks in
this cage, I have
suffered from
chronic weariness. I
do not believe escape is

possible. I have seen
Death face to face and
she hath seen me. I
am more than ever
determined to continue
to struggle for
survival, for this is
the primary instinct
of the animal.

The following week: I
am losing track of
time. I can track seven
day periods but do not
seem to recall any
other relevant
information; seasons
and days are not part
of my realm. Like
life, they escape me.
Am I less than an
animal? This
deranged mage,
frantically seeking
the lost secrets of
Ophidian magic,
certainly treats me as
such. Actually, I do
not feel anything
anymore. I may live
like an animal, but in
my mind I am a man. I
still think and write,
therefore I exist. If
this journal survives
me and thou art
reading it, regardless
of the time elapsed,
then I am alive. I am
alive because my
thoughts are alive.

Today, fifth day of
this present week, I
am going to tell thee
more about the twisted
Vasculio. He boasts
that his magical
powers are too great to
be defeated by mere
mortals. I have to tell
thee that he was
executed in
Moonshade for
practicing spells too
diabolical for Man.
His powerful magic
allowed him to

continue living as a
liche. Also, I shall
share this with thee,
so that thou mayest
make good use of it:
Remember that no
information hath
value until thou dost
test it. My words,
hereunder, will guide
thine understanding.
Vasculio hath been
experimenting with
eternal life theories.
Once, he stumbled
upon a magic formula
which, when used
with the blood of an
innocent, allowed a
dead body to live
longer. Moments
before his execution
he intoned the spell to
keep his body living.
Later he escaped from
his coffin and
travelled to
Skullcrusher. Why
Skullcrusher, thou
askest? The answer
is simply because he
knew there was a
second source for
Stoneheart. Stoneheart
is the prime
ingredient of
Bloodspawn, here in
these caverns.

There is also another
important reason.
Vasculio knew that
his enemies, the
Mages of Moonshade,
would never follow
him here. Seventh day
of the present week:
This undying
sorcerer doth spend
his time researching
new spells. He is
convinced that great
magical secrets lie
beyond the sealed
entrances. He detects
great power and magic
in these areas.
Vasculio hath not been

able to locate the Grand
Shrine within the
great labyrinth
beneath the
Skullcrusher Peaks. I
could tell thee that he
stores provisions to
support his allies, the
man-eating Gwani.
But this is not out of
charity for them, for
he also lives on with
their blood. At this
point I must stop
writing for I can hear
Vasculio howling in
the tunnels. This is a
sign that he is coming
for me once more...